

# The Twilight Hour

The The

You're lying on your bed  
And making shadows on the wall  
It's almost too hot to move  
Outside your window  
People are driving home from work  
For the weekend  
But you're waitin' for the phone to ring  
You're gonna tell her exactly what you think

You practice getting your mouth  
Around the words  
That explain the way you feel  
You've been scared to show your real self  
In case she doesn't like what she sees  
You've been a prostitute to humility  
She's invaded your life  
And you've got to live apart  
In order to survive

You were emotionally independent  
But starved of affection  
But now you've been trapped by tenderness  
And been beaten into submission

It's now way past the hour she usually phones  
And you've decided not to tell her your little joke  
Where could she have got to?  
Why is she torturing you?  
You roll on your side  
And run your fingers through your hair  
You're scared of losing her  
And facing yourself  
A red sky at night may be a shepherd's delight  
But you're cutting chunks from your heart  
And rubbing the meat into your eyes

She can't leave you now  
You've given up all your friends  
You're relying on her  
For your independence  
She can't leave you here  
Alone and defenseless  
you're relying on her  
For your independence

You're relying on her  
for your Independence  
Relying on her  
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